

木樨国际诗歌译丛

荣誉总编 · 张 智 | 总 编 · 李正栓

HUSHED

绒 默

木樨颜 朱慧敏 译

Translated by Brent Yan and Zhu Huimin



韩 悦 | 主 编



韩悦

山东农业大学外国语学院讲师，北京外国语大学外国文学研究所博士，研究方向为比较文学与跨文化研究、俄罗斯文学等。译有俄罗斯童话故事集和俄罗斯当代诗歌等作品。学术研究致力于比较文学与跨文化研究领域

且喜爱中国古代文学，希望中国传统文学的精髓能“走出去”并发扬光大。

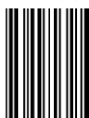
Han Yue is a lecturer in the College of Foreign Languages at Shandong Agricultural University and a PhD in the Institute of Foreign Literature at Beijing Foreign Studies University. Her research interests include comparative literature and cross-cultural studies, Russian literature, etc. She has translated collections of Russian fairy tales and contemporary Russian poetry. Her academic research is devoted to the field of comparative literature and cross-cultural research, and loves ancient Chinese literature, hoping that the essence of traditional Chinese literature can "go out" and carry forward.

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木樨国际诗歌译丛

BOY INTERNATIONAL POETRY TRANSLATION SERIES

荣誉总编 张智 | 总编 李正栓

Honorary General Editor ZHANG Zhi

General Editor LI Zhengshuan

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Fog, edited by Zhu Huimin and GONG Xiaodi

Green Rhythm, edited by ZHANG Lifeng

Metaphor of Time, edited by LI Xiuli and ZHOU Susu

My Own Melody, edited by ZHU Huimin and JIANG Guohui

Pupil, edited by ZHAO Yanyan and LI Ruoxi

Pulsation, edited by HU Ping and FU Yingying

Rainwater, edited by ZHU Huimin and YAN Li

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TRANSLATED BY
BRENT YAN & ZHU HUIMIN

木樨顏 朱慧敏 译

EDITED BY
HAN YUE

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amazon

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Edited by Han Yue

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总|略 编|语

现代诗歌在海外的面貌如何？这是一个经常叩击当代中国诗人的问题。他们当中能够直接阅读外语诗歌的并不在多数，这时候就需要借助于翻译，所幸我们还有不少诗刊开辟了海外诗歌的译介栏目。翻译是传播的基础，传播是翻译的目的。然而，从这些诗刊中的少量译介——有时并非当代诗歌——勾连出一幅当代世界诗歌图景，却仍是一件苦差。

此时，张智主编的《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of International Poetry) 潜入脑海浮上眼帘。是张智中博士引荐我认识了张智博士。这个刊物原名《世界诗人》(The World Poets Quarterly)，1995 年由张智、余海涛、蔡丽双和露丝玛丽·威尔金森联合创办，已有将近 30 年办刊史，是世界上唯一一本多语版当代诗歌选萃翻译季刊。兼任执行总编的张智博士自创刊至今，秉持其兼容并包的办刊理念，先后聚集了杨成虎(杨虚)、张智中、杨宗泽、樱娘、殷晓媛、颜海峰(木樨颜)、童天鉴日、石永浩、马婷婷、丁立群、林巧儿等翻译家担任客座总编，出刊总计 106 期，译介中国和世界各地诗人 4000 余人，翻译诗歌 11000 余首，总计约 20 万行 2000 万字。同时，翻译和出版了来自 30 多个国家的诗人的诗集、选集 400 余部，涉及的语种达 20 多种，传播了中国诗歌文化，译介了全世界优秀诗歌，真正地做到了国际文化交流和世界文明互鉴。通过《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of

International Poetry) 季刊, 一些中国诗人曾获得希腊、巴西、美国、以色列、法国、印度、意大利、奥地利、黎巴嫩、马其顿、科索沃、孟加拉、日本等国文学奖。这个平台, 在选诗方面, 力求紧跟国际、主从兼容; 在诗人选择上, 敢于发现新秀; 在地域方面, 照顾全球性; 在译诗方面, 多为名家名译, 我本人也经常接受张智博士分配的任务。他追求精益求精, 使刊物成为了解国际诗歌写作生态、培养当代诗歌翻译名家的独一无二的平台。

在这个刊物上“供职”已经十年的客座总编颜海峰(笔名木樨颜), 出身书香门第, 受其身为乡村教师的祖父影响尤深, 自幼浸淫四书五经。他品学兼优, 为人正直, 诗情肆意, 干劲十足, 是一个罕见的优秀青年。他硕士期间师从已故典籍英译大家汪榕培教授, 进行过大量翻译实践, 培养了治学严谨的作风, 博士期间又拜入著名诗人、翻译家汪剑钊门下, 从事欧美诗学、美国诗歌的研究。他总能受到灯塔的引领, 行走诗歌美的光彩里, 逐渐成为一个多面手。他关心人与自然, 关心社会百态, 关注人生各个方面, 热爱人民, 热爱祖国的山山水水。他从事旧体诗创作 30 余年, 出版有《一页水山》(A Page of Rill and Hill), 也擅长新诗创作, 著有《残忍月光》(Cruel Moon), 其他原创诗歌和译作散见于《诗刊》《江南诗》等刊物, 近年来出版译诗集已经有 20 余种。他号召力极强, 2021 年起策划总编“东西文翰大系”, 仅仅一年已经出版了 20 多本图书, 涉及多个语种, 发行至数十个国家, 产生了不错的海外影响。

他在《国际诗歌翻译》实践的十年中积累了大量译诗, 先后发表于该刊, 今年天时地利人和, 他打算将其汇总后编纂成不同

主题或体例的译诗集出版，取得了刊物总编张智博士的授权之后他即邀请我担任总编，我很高兴。

译丛取名“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，所选诗歌及译文全部选自于其过去十年在《世界诗人》（2020年改名《国际诗歌翻译》之后的译诗未纳入选编范围）担任客座总编时承担的翻译，总量近万行，如果按诗歌字数计算的通行规则（每10行为1000字），这相当于百万之数。这些零零散散的诗歌既有英译汉，也有汉译英，长短不一，而译者都能熟练而传情地翻译，这自然与译者的诗歌原创能力和曾经大量的翻译实践有着紧密的关系。海峰是个集创作、翻译和编辑为一体的杰出青年诗人翻译家。

面对数量如此之巨、时间跨度如此之大、诗歌类型如此之杂的“诗料”，将其编撰成9本书并不容易。所幸，译者凭借其人脉优势迅速聚集起十多位编撰者，从高中教师到高校教授，从大学生到硕士生，每人各司其责，各选其题，仅仅3个月的时间，就让这一套译丛完成了定稿并陆续出版。效率之高不可谓不令人瞠目。需要强调的是，由于各自选题自有匠心，不同的选集会有一些相同的诗，这在所难免，也情有可原。如果硬性分割，互不重叠，恐怕难以体现编选者用心。优秀诗歌少量地同时编入不同名称种类诗集也属常见之态。

值得一提的是，这套丛书在美国亚马逊出版。众所周知，亚马逊网站发迹于图书，经过近30年的发展又回归图书，开拓了新式的图书出版模式，虽然尚不足以与兰登书屋等六大出版商为代表的传统出版业比肩，但也已经发出时代最强音。此次出版，是译者在出版策划方面的一次弄潮，也是其响应国家大政方针、

创新对外宣传方式、提高国际传播能力、主动塑造中国形象、发出中国话语声音的积极探索。

作为总编，能见证并监督这么一套丛书的出版发行，我深感责任之重大，因为这套丛书意义之深远。首先，这套书能展现译者的十年成长，从这些译诗中不难发现译者在译笔的流畅度和译词选择方面的演绎；其次，这套书能在某种维度展现过去十年国际诗歌写作的发展，虽然这些诗可能只是国际诗坛之一管；再次，据我所知，这可能是第一套当代中国中年翻译家的翻译自选集，而且还是一个精于诗歌写作和翻译的诗人翻译家的译文系列——这也是名师出高徒最好的诠释。最后，也证明《国际诗歌翻译》总编张智博士的培养能力，是他为海峰等一批青年译家提供了展示能力的平台并真正具有国际视野和情怀并授权翻译权还鼓励海峰出版个人作品“全集”。我把这套书推荐给读者，希望你于此中发现一颗恒久的诗心。

李正栓

于海龙花园

What are the latest development and produce of poetry in the world? Indeed, this is a pressing question for Chinese poets, since only a few of them could directly respond to a poem written in a foreign language, and in most cases, they have to read renditions of poems to gain some insight. Fortunately, quite a number of poetry periodicals run columns to introduce and transmit foreign poems via translations of them. However, it remains an arduous and almost impossible mission to represent the panoramic view of world poetry with only a pitiful few translated versions of the selected poems, some of which are not “contemporary” at all.

On this occasion, I felt compelled to give its due honor to *Rendition of International Poetry*, formerly known as *The World Poets Quarterly*, the only multi-language quarterly of modern poems translation in the world. Since its first issue released in 1995, the periodical has run over 106 issues in nearly 30 years, introducing more than 4,000 poets to the readers and offering 11,000 translated versions of poems in 200,000 lines of 20 million words. It was through the introduction of Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, I personally came to know the executive editor-in-chief Dr. Zhang Zhi and the guiding principle for him to initiate this quarterly—“eclectic” for his poetry selection, therefore he had rallied around him world class poets, translators and professors, including Dr. Yu Haitao, Dr. Choi Laisheung and Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson as the founding fathers for this periodical, and later he invited a galaxy of translators as guest editors, including Yang Chenhu (Yang Xu), Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, Yang Zongze, Madam Cherry, Yin Xiaoyuan, Haifeng Yan (Brent Yan), Dr. Tongtian Jianri, Shi Yonghao, Ma Tingting, Ding Liquan and Lin Qiao'er. So far, it has translated and published poem collections

by poets from over 30 countries and 400 poem selections in more than 20 languages, serving as an intersection for international cultural exchange by introducing Chinese poems abroad and poems in other languages to the Chinese readers as well. Meanwhile, this periodical is a launchpad for some Chinese poets to gain international recognition and some have won the national literary awards from Greece, Brazil, US, Israel, France, India, Italy, Austria, Lebanon, the Republic of North Macedonia, Kosovo, Bengal, India, *etc.* In poem selection, Dr. Zhang insists on publishing the most up-to-date poems by both renowned and new poets from a wide range of countries and regions and the periodical has been especially appreciated for promoting new poets. In poem translation, Dr. Zhang Zhi holds quality first principle, and most of the translations are done by renowned translators—I myself have often been assigned translation tasks directly by him. It is for his constant aspiration for the premium-quality poems and translations that this quarterly has developed into a unique platform for Chinese poets and translators to gain knowledge of the latest poem writing trends in the world and to hone their translating skills.

Serving as one of the guest editors, Prof. Haifeng Yan (pen-named Muxi Yan in Chinese Pinyin, English name Brent Yan or B.O.Y) was born to a family of a profound literary tradition. For the influence of his grandfather, a country teacher, at a fairly early age, he was exposed to the backbone of Chinese ancient classics, namely “the four books and five classics”, which had kindled his lasting interest in poetry and learning as a whole. Years later, this bright pupil of a scholarly grandfather grew into an upright, vigorous, and prodigiously gifted poet and scholar—it is very rare to have these shining qualities to be found collectively in one so young. In his postgraduate years for a MA degree, he had been trained by the late master translator of Chinese Classics, Prof. Wang Rongpei, with

whom, he had done a substantial amount of translation and developed a serious attitude towards it. In the DA phase, he had followed his famous poet translator supervisor Wang Jianzhao to delve deeper into the studies of European-American poetry, and American poetry in particular. If love of poetry is his “inner beacon”, he is always walking in the beam of it. Besides these scholarly influences, he draws heavily on life, both on social and natural levels- on the one hand, he has shown much interest in social events and try to approach them from different aspects and on the other, love of his people and land is born in his vein, nourishing him all the while. Till now, he had been engaged in traditional Chinese poetry writing for more than 30 years, and some of his traditional Chinese poems had been published in his poem collection *A Page of Rill and Hill*. He is also good at composing new poems, which are collected in *Cruel Moon*, and some single poem creations and translations are occasionally published in *Poetry Periodical*, *Jiangnan Poetry Periodical*, etc. Over the past 20 years, he had published 20 poem collections. In 2021, he planned and worked as editor-in-chief for an ambitious book series titled *Orient-Occident Lit Collection*(OOLC), for which—thanks to his charismatic leadership—he had gathered the most talented people in this field to publish over 20 books in a variety of languages in a dozen countries, exerting quite a positive impact on overseas readers.

On *Rendition of International Poetry*, Brent has published his poem renditions for ten years. In 2021, he thought it was the right time to compile these renditions into distinct poem translation collections based on themes or genres. After being authorized by the editor-in-chief Zhang Zhi, he invited me to be the editor-in-chief for his new poetry collection series, with which I gladly complied.

The translation series is titled *BOY Translation of International Poetry Series*, which will mainly publish poems and translated versions done in the past ten years when the periodical was still titled

The World Poets Quarterly. Excluding those published after the periodical changed its name, the translated works mount to nearly 10 thousand lines and 100 thousand words in total, if computed according to the general rule, that is, every ten lines in a poem is equal to 1,000 words. Taken into consideration the great diversity in length and form and shift in languages (from English to Chinese and *vice versa*), it is quite an accomplishment for a young scholar, a virtuoso, a professional editor and an outstanding poet-translator. What amazes me more is that Brent had all the talent, patience and passion to translate each line with great proficiency and accuracy, acquired through his poetry writing talent and voluminous translation practice.

However, it is not easy to sort out and edit these poems and renditions into 9 books due to their bulky volume, long span over time, and diversity in pattern. Fortunately, Brent could attract a dozen more editors to work with him. It is indeed a stellar team of scholars, ranging from high school to university teachers, bachelors and masters of arts. With each responsible for a specific theme and subject, these people, with a stunning efficiency, helped to edit and publish his books within three months. To best embody Brent's creativity in themes and genres choice, a few poems and translations are allowed to be anthologized in different books. It is actually quite a common practice in poetry collection editing.

As for the publishing agent—the American Publishing Inc., it is quite a success story in its field, an enterprising agency that endeavors to emulate the six traditional publishing giants, led by Random House. In 30 years of development, it has made a strong return to book publishing with more innovative ideas pertain to the modes of publication. Therefore, this series is a trend-setting attempt made by the editor-translator, an active step forward, echoing Chinese national promotion policies, to meet our needs for cultural transmission, to demolish the old and build a new Chinese image and to let our true

voice be heard.

To be an editor-in-chief is a huge responsibility, but it is also my honor to witness and supervise the publication of such a groundbreaking series, which is not only the fruition of a translator's ten years of hard work, but an encapsulation of world poetry innovations in ten years. As far as I know, this is the first translation selection of a contemporary middle-aged translator, and it best represents the author's great language proficiency and thorough understanding and ease in choice of diction in both SL and TL. The series speaks to the proverb, "Like a teacher, like a student", because it is a sort of "the laying on of hands" by a series of master translators, from whom Brent has gained a keen perception of poetry and translation. For example, Dr. Zhang Zhi, with a global view and broad mind, has authorized and encouraged him to publish his translation selection, after he had provided him an editor's platform in his periodical. I deem it my great honor to present this series to the reader, in the hope that all will be delighted to find a poetic mind as they read through the poems.

Dr. Li Zhengshuan

at Hailong Garden

Translated by Wu Chunxiao

不忘诗心，向译而生

诗，不可译。

然而，诗，一直在译。

汉诗不可译，不可让中国人来译。但是，中国人一直在译：他们不仅把英语诗翻译成汉语，还把自己的汉语诗，翻译成外文。20 世纪 80 年代，国内从事汉诗英译的人数，开始显增，当今尤甚。

据我小时候的记忆，国内很多诗刊，以发表中国诗人的作品为主；后来，偶然见到外国诗人诗作的汉语译文。而在过去的一、二十年里，一些诗刊开始辟出“汉诗英译”的栏目，这说明诗歌翻译的方向，从单向变成了双向：英诗汉译之外，增加了汉诗英译。英诗汉译，是外国诗歌的输入；汉诗英译，则是中国诗歌的输出。

高手在民间。好诗在民间。汉诗英译，中国诗歌走出去的工作，竟然也在民间。我记得大概十七、八年前阅读一本诗学专著，其中一句话令我兴奋：中国诗人为了让中国诗歌走出去，他们创办了一本《国际汉语诗坛》的诗刊。

之所以兴奋，因为《国际汉语诗坛》（又先后更名为《世界诗人》和《国际诗歌翻译》）正是我当时每期必译的一本诗刊。这本多语种混语版的诗歌季刊，由重庆诗人张智博士 1995 年创办，至今走过 27 个春夏秋冬。记得 2004 年冬，我偶然与张智博士通过邮件取得联系，虽不见面而“钟情”于彼此，从此开启了我数十年如一日的译诗之路。某日，到许渊冲先生家里拜访，他

说：“你与张智博士的合作，非常好！”遂聘先生为诗刊的艺术顾问。我与《国际诗歌翻译》，也如胶似漆，日渐情深而意浓。后来，办刊之外，张智博士又策划“世界诗人书库”和“帝国诗丛”，出版了大量的多语种诗集，由美国俄亥俄州环球文化出版社出版。27年来，《国际诗歌翻译》聚集或培养了一批诗的译者。主编张智博士倔而强之：为其翻译者，必定为诗人。

颜海峰博士就融诗人、译者、学者于一身，他已为《国际诗歌翻译》奉献十多年。而今，海峰博士将其在原《世界诗人》以往过刊中发表的译诗汇总整理，肩挑策划与统筹，邀集起一个十数人的编译团队，结集出版为“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，作为其主编的大型文学系列丛书“东西文翰大系”下的一个子集，并通过美国亚马逊出版集团全球发行——幸甚至哉！

巧了。我几年前跟张智博士说过，《国际诗歌翻译》已经多年，刊登了数不胜数的各国好诗，可以考虑出版精选系列。张智博士欣然，但由于资金短缺等问题，此事搁置下来。现海峰博士张罗此事，我闻之一喜，虽然只是将其一人的译作精选，却也是开了一个好头。译路同行者，其心也灵犀。

近年来，浏览英美出版的国际诗歌选集，偶然可见中国诗人之英文译作，倍感欣喜。

中国诗歌，正在走出去。愿我们
不忘诗心。愿我们
向译而生。

张智中

2022年3月10日凌晨

津门松间居

RECOMMENDATION

Faithful to a Poetic Heart, Connate with a Rendering Mind

Poem is untranslatable.

However, poem is always being translated.

Chinese poems are untranslatable, and can't be translated by Chinese people. However, Chinese people are always doing the translation: they not only translate English poems into Chinese, but also translate Chinese poems into foreign languages. From the 1980s, the number of people engaged in translating Chinese poems into English began to increase in China. And it is gaining stronger impetus nowadays.

According to my childhood memories, there were many domestic poetry periodicals at that time, mainly engaged in publishing works of Chinese poets; later, they would occasionally publish Chinese translations of foreign poems. In the last one or two decades, some poetry periodicals began to set up the column of "English Translation of Chinese Poems", which indicated that translation direction of poems had changed from one-way to two-way: in addition to Chinese translation of English poems, there was also English translation of Chinese poems. Chinese translation of English poems is the input of foreign poems; while English translation of Chinese poems is output of Chinese poems.

There are many unofficial masters, and there are many good poems that are deemed unofficial. English translation of Chinese poems, namely the project of promoting the go-out of Chinese poems, has been undertaken mostly by the unofficial. I remember a poetic monograph I read about seventeen or eighteen years ago, a sentence of which made me excited: In order to enable Chinese poems to go

out, Chinese poets issued a poetry periodical named *The Chinese Poetry International*.

I felt so excited because *The Chinese Poetry International* (which was then renamed *The World Poets Quarterly* before *Rendition of International Poetry*) was just one of the poetry periodicals that I partook the translation at that time for each issue. Edited by Dr. Zhang Zhi, a poet from Chongqing, from 1995, this poetry quarterly in multi-languages has survived for 27 years. I remember that in winter of 2004, I got in contact with Dr. Zhang Zhi via e-mail, we “fell in love” with each other though not meeting in reality, and from then on I started my persevering translation of poems for several decades. One day, when I called on Mr. Xu Yuanchong in his home, he said to me: “You and Dr. Zhang Zhi have made a very good cooperation!” Upon his words, I invited him on behalf of the magazine as art consultant to the periodical. I also became inseparable from the then *World Poets Quarterly*, nurturing even deeper love toward it. Later, in addition to establishing the periodical, Dr. Zhang Zhi also planned *The Book Series of the World Poets (Bilingual)* and *Book Series of the Empire Poetry*, and published many collections of poems in multiple languages in The Earth Culture Press, Ohio, USA. Over 27 years, *Rendition of International Poetry* has gathered or cultivated a batch of poem translators. Dr. Zhang Zhi the editor-in-chief adhere strictly to the principle: the translators of poems must be poets.

Dr. Yan Haifeng (Brent Yan, B.O.Y) is a poet, translator and scholar at the same time, and he has been dedicated to *Rendition of International Poetry* for more than a decade. Now, Dr. Yan makes summary and sorting of his translated poems published in the previous issues of *The World Poets Quarterly*, shoulders the planning and coordinating tasks, and sets up a compiling team of more than ten members, to publish them as *BOY Translation of International Poetry* in the form of collection, serving as a subset of a larger literary

series i.e. *Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC)* to which he was the general editor, and publish them to the globe via Amazon Publishing—I'm delirious with joy!

What a coincidence. I have once said to Dr. Zhang Zhi several years ago that, our magazine has been existed for many years and has published numerous excellent poems from various countries, and it's time to consider publishing select series. Dr. Zhang Zhi agreed gladly, but this matter was laid aside due to shortage of funds and other obstacles. Now hearing that Dr. Yan is working on this, I feel very happy, and although he only selects his own translations, this makes a good start indeed. Those who engage in translation have alike mind in translation.

In recent years, when browsing international anthologies of poems published by the western world, we can occasionally see English translations of Chinese poems, toward which I feel very happy.

Chinese poems are going out. I hope we can—
always be faithful to a poetic heart. I hope we can
always be connate with a rendering mind.

Zhang Zhizhong

Early in the morning of March 10, 2022

Songjian Hut, Tianjin

翻译是一种信息的传递，亦即逐字逐句的沟通与交流。诗的翻译则是一个灵魂和另一个灵魂的拥抱。俄顷，一个新的灵魂因缘而诞生。随后，这新的灵魂便踏上了自己的求索之旅，在翻过一个又一个偶然的陡坡与沟坎之后，终于抵达某个必然的所在——那适宜的时间和地点。于是，它就不着痕迹地钻进读者的身体，开始了一种与翻译类似的传递，前述那热烈的拥抱遂得以复现，并最终催发了肉与骨、血与心脏在内部的变异与重组，由此铸造了又一个灵魂……

汪剑钊

2022年3月18日

育新花园

RECOMMENDATION

Translation is the transference of information, viz. a word-for-word communication and exchange. While the translation of poems is the embrace of a soul and another, after which a new soul is born thereupon. Then the new soul starts its own journey, climbing over steep slopes and ravines one by one, before arriving at some necessary being—the fitting time and location, where it'd sneak untraceably into the body of a reader to commence another transference like translation. The aforementioned embrace is thus reproduced and, in turn, it promotes the inner reforming and regrouping of bone and flesh, heart and blood, to forge another soul...

Wang Jianzhao

March 18, 2022

Yuxin Garden, Beijing

目 录

CONTENTS

i	总编略语
v	General Editor's Words
x	推荐辞（张智中）
xii	Recommendation by Zhang Zhizhong
xv	推荐辞（汪剑钊）
xvi	Recommendation by Wang Jianzhao
001	A Dream in a Dewdrop Dragan Dragojlović
002	露珠里的梦 德拉根·德拉格伊洛维奇
003	A Family Muniam Alfaker
004	一个家 穆尼亚姆·阿尔法克
005	A Feather Bed Chrissoulla Varveri-Varras
006	翻羽之床 克瑞斯苏拉·瓦尔弗里·瓦拉斯
007	A Lobster Emre Şahinler
008	一只龙虾 埃姆雷·沙欣莱尔
009	A Pinch of Spirit Károly Feller
010	一丝灵感 克洛伊·费灵杰
011	After the Tempest Tabash Kamal
012	风暴过后 塔巴什·卡迈勒
013	After You Had Gone Saamee Aejaaz
014	你走之后 萨梅·埃贾兹
015	An Effort Sugra Sadaf
016	努力 萨格拉·萨达夫

- 017 And When I'm Lonely | Sassi Fathi
- 018 当我孤独时 | 萨西·法特西
- 019 As Still as a Broom | Stanley H. Barkan
- 020 静如帚 | 斯坦利·巴坎
- 021 At Least They Kill the Monsters | Domenico Defelice
- 022 至少解决了怪物 | 多梅尼科·德费利斯
- 023 Murder of Beauty | Katya Ganeshi
- 024 美之谋杀 | 卡佳·加涅什
- 025 Because | Luis Carlos Pereira
- 026 因为 | 路易斯·卡洛斯·佩雷拉
- 027 Birthnight | Uzor Maxim Uzoatu
- 028 降生之夜 | 乌祖尔·马克西姆·乌左阿图
- 029 Boundless | Raed Anis Al-Jishi
- 030 无限 | 阿拉德·安尼斯·阿尔·吉斯
- 031 Bridal-Veil Falls | Anne-Marie Legan
- 032 新娘面纱瀑布 | 安玛丽·莱甘
- 033 Bridges | Rahim Karim
- 034 桥 | 拉希姆·卡里姆
- 035 Butterflies and Roses | Shihab Ghanem
- 036 胡蝶和玫瑰 | 谢哈布·加尼姆
- 037 Deathday | Uzor Maxim Uzoatu
- 038 歿日 | 乌祖尔·马克西姆·乌左阿图
- 039 Dragonflies | Michal Brzák
- 040 蜻蜓 | 米哈尔·布尔扎克
- 041 Dreaming | Michal Brzák
- 042 梦 | 米哈尔·布尔扎克
- 043 Everyday Pain | Sebastian Nowak
- 044 每日的苦痛 | 塞巴斯蒂安·诺瓦克

- 045 Express from the Post Office | Chrissoulla Varveri-Varras
- 046 邮局快件 | 克瑞斯苏拉·瓦尔弗里·瓦拉斯
- 047 Eye Language | Shihab Ghanem
- 048 目光之语 | 谢哈布·加尼姆
- 049 Flowing Hair | Károly Feller
- 050 飘发 | 克洛伊·费灵杰
- 051 Free in Prison | Irenice Martins
- 052 自由囹圄 | 艾琳奈斯·马丁斯
- 053 Full Moon | Kaye Voigt Abikhaled
- 054 满月 | 凯·沃伊特·阿比哈莱德
- 055 Gifts of a Poet | Shihab Ghanem
- 056 诗人之才赋 | 谢哈布·加尼姆
- 057 God of Poetry | Uzor Maxim Uzoatu
- 058 诗神 | 乌祖尔·马克西姆·乌左阿图
- 059 Human Guise | Olfa Philo
- 060 人之伪装 | 奥尔法·费罗
- 061 Hushed | Dominique Hecq
- 062 缄默 | 多米尼克·赫克
- 063 I Fell in Love with a Song-woman | Rahim Karim
- 064 恋上一个歌女 | 拉希姆·卡里姆
- 065 Ideals | Dimitris P. Kraniotis
- 066 理想 | 迪米特里斯 P. 克伦阿迪斯
- 067 Idol | Lara Ayvazyan
- 068 偶像 | 偶像
- 069 Illusions | Dimitris P. Kraniotis
- 070 幻想 | 迪米特里斯 P. 克伦阿迪斯
- 071 Ingratitude | Olfa Philo
- 072 忘恩负义 | 奥尔法·费罗

- 073 Initials in a Spiritual Unsingular | Dino Porović
- 074 精神正常的头字母 | 迪诺·波洛维奇
- 075 Late Dinner | Nancy Cavers Dougherty
- 076 略晚的晚饭 | 南希·卡弗斯·多尔蒂
- 077 Letter | Sebastian Nowak
- 078 信件 | 塞巴斯蒂安·诺瓦克
- 079 Motions | Michal Brzák
- 080 动作 | 米哈尔·布尔扎克
- 081 Naked | Michal Brzák
- 082 赤裸 | 米哈尔·布尔扎克
- 083 Nature | Eugenio Morelli
- 084 自然 | 欧亨尼奥·莫雷利
- 085 Nourishment of the Soul | Wilson de Oliveira Jasa
- 086 心灵的食粮 | 威尔逊·奥莉薇娅·贾莎
- 087 Odyssey | Eduard Harents
- 088 奥德赛 | 爱德华·海伦茨
- 089 On the Evening | Muhammad Shanazar
- 090 向晚 | 穆罕迈德·沙纳扎尔
- 091 Painting | Sebastian Nowak
- 092 喷绘 | 塞巴斯蒂安·诺瓦克
- 093 Paradox Is Life! | N. V. Subbaraman
- 094 矛盾人生 | N. V. 萨巴拉曼
- 095 Parnassus | Károly Feller
- 096 巴那塞斯山 | 克洛伊·费灵杰
- 097 Pulsation | Shihab Ghanem
- 098 悸动 | 谢哈布·加尼姆
- 099 Reiteration | Muniam Alfaker
- 100 重申 | 穆尼亚姆·阿尔法克

- 101 Reward | Chrissoulla Varveri-Varras
- 102 奖赏 | 克瑞斯苏拉·瓦尔弗里·瓦拉斯
- 103 Ship Wrecked (Náufigro) | Adélia Einsfeldt
- 104 沉船（落难） | 阿德利亚·恩斯菲尔德
- 105 Size 40 | Michal Brzák
- 106 40 号 | 米哈尔·布尔扎克
- 107 Slaughterhouse's Hawks | Domenico Defelice
- 108 屠宰场的鹰 | 多梅尼科·德费利斯
- 109 Star | Michal Brzák
- 110 星辰 | 米哈尔·布尔扎克
- 111 The Clouds | Sassi Fathi
- 112 云 | 萨西·法特西
- 113 The Cradle-song | Jerzy Grupiński
- 114 摇篮曲 | 杰西·格鲁宾斯基
- 115 The Eleventh Commandme | Eduard Harents
- 116 第十一戒 | 爱德华·海伦茨
- 117 The Fruit | Jerzy Grupiński
- 118 车厘子 | 杰西·格鲁宾斯基
- 119 The Genesis of Clay | Raed Anis Al-Jishi
- 120 陶泥之初 | 阿拉德·安尼斯·阿尔·吉斯
- 121 The Last Soldier | Dragos Barbu
- 122 最后的战士 | 德拉格斯·巴布
- 123 The Seasons of Life | Shihab Ghanem
- 124 人生四季 | 谢哈布·加尼姆
- 125 The Sound of the Flute | Kurt F. Svatek
- 126 笛声 | 库尔特 F. 斯瓦泰克
- 127 This Morning | Irenice Martins
- 128 今晨 | 艾琳奈斯·马丁斯

- 129 To Ascend the Throne of Poetry | Adolf P. Shvedchikov
130 登上诗歌的宝座 | 阿道夫 P. 斯维德柴可夫
131 To God | Rahim Karim
132 致上帝 | 拉希姆·卡里姆
133 Unblessed Blessing | Károly Fellinger
134 邪恶的祈祷 | 克洛伊·费灵杰
135 Untitled | Adélia Einsfeldt
136 无题 | 阿德利亚·恩斯菲尔德
137 Vagaries | Nadia-Cella Pop
138 奇想 | 娜迪亚-契拉·勃普
139 What Is the Use of Poems? | Shihab Ghanem
140 诗有什么用处? | 谢哈布·加尼姆
141 When I Smell Lilacs | Anne-Marie Legan
142 当闻丁香时 | 安玛丽·莱甘
143 Whispering | Shihab Ghanem
144 絮语 | 谢哈布·加尼姆
145 Would That I Were Plumeria | Naina Adil
146 多希望我就是缅栀子 | 奈纳·阿迪尔
147 Yearning | Eduard Harents
148 渴望 | 爱德华·海伦茨
149 Your Birthday | Luis Carlos Pereira
150 你的生日 | 路易斯·卡洛斯·佩雷拉

151 关于译者
152 About the Translators
153 编后记 Postscript



A Dream in a Dewdrop

[Serbia] Dragan Dragojlović

A dream lay upon
The bed of grass and leaves,
Below the willow trees
Where I loved you:
You stand naked
In a dewdrop,
Naked as a flame
Captured for an instant.

I extend my arms
And the dewdrop
Grows all the bigger,
Expands into a river
With no bridges or banks,
Into clear water I stand before
Gazing into the distance.





露珠里的梦

[塞尔维亚] 德拉根·德拉格伊洛维奇

一阙梦 躺在
一棵垂柳下
铺满落叶的草地上
我曾在此深爱你：
你站在一滴露珠里
赤裸着身体，
就像被瞬间捕捉的
一团火焰

我伸出双臂
那滴露珠就
愈加放大
铺展成一条
没有桥没有岸的河
我站进那清澈的水中
凝望向远方

（原译发表于总第 65 期）

A Family

[Iraq] Muniam Alfaker

In the morning:
A cup of coffee
Partaken between the cheese and olives
The breakfast table is enriched
By their hands.
When the father was about to go,
The boy asked for some chocolate,
The mother asked for a kiss,
And the father said: "I'll come home
Tonight"

That night:
The boy sits out in the porch,
The mother is in the kitchen,
Father is in the morgue.





一个家

[伊拉克] 穆尼亚姆·阿尔法克

早晨
一杯咖啡 摆在
奶酪和几枚橄榄之间 共同分享
他们用双手
把餐桌盛满早餐
当父亲就要起身
儿子讨要着巧克力
母亲过来吻别
他说，“晚上
我回来。”

那天晚上
儿子坐在门廊外等待
母亲在厨房
而他却进了太平间

（原译发表于总第 62 期）

A Feather Bed

[Greece] Chrissoulla Varveri-Varras

I attempt in my dreams to become a success.

I don't intend to take on a partner because.

I intend not to sell out.

To go on alone.

I don't want to set him upon a throne.

Or to drive him mad as well?

Should I be the one to drop out?

Who investigates the coming sale?

Not expecting that right authority.

Shall. In spite of The Holocaust. Prevail.

Fighting to bring.

This right authority to bear.

The Law is a gigantic bed of feathers.

In which all of the corrupt sleep together.





翮羽之床

[希腊] 克瑞斯苏拉·瓦尔弗里·瓦拉斯

在梦里 我试图取得成功
我没想找一个合作伙伴 因为
 我不想出卖
 我彣彣前行
不想让他坐到宝座之上
 甚或也让他发狂
那我该不该中途退出？
谁调查即将开始的销售？
 不期待真正的权威
应该获胜。不顾那浩劫和死亡。
 振臂奋斗着
把这真正的权威带来承当
法是一张硕大的翮羽之床
所有的贪腐堕落都安眠于上

（原译发表于总第 68 期）

A Lobster

[Turkey] Emre Şahinler

My languages departs heavily from now on
because the summer has not crossed over my back instead
of the mules heavily burdened

I recognized all while passing through Babylon
my hands did not touch the dead swallows stuck in my
tongue

I passed through the solitude of rivers
a live lobster wrapped the whole fever of my youth
when I seduced the city with the brass band sounds
scarlet pains in my forehead

echoes of bombing ready to set the sky on fire.

my ravens have declared their independence
welcome!

this is the republic of skinny states





一只龙虾

[土耳其] 埃姆雷·沙欣莱尔

此刻起语言离我而去
因为夏日没有跨越我的脊背，唯独那些满是重载的马
骡
穿过巴比伦的时候，我认出了这一切
我没有伸手触碰那些死燕，它们堵在我的口舌
我穿过河流的孤独
一只活着的龙虾包裹起我青春的狂热
当我以军乐队的乐声引诱这个城市
猩红隐隐作痛于我的前额
爆炸声的回响随时要把天空燃起烈火
我的乌鸦已然宣布独立
欢迎！
这是羸瘦城邦的共和国

（原译发表于总第 85 期）

A Pinch of Spirit

[Slovakia] Károly Fellingner

You cut the sugar-beet into
pieces of lump sugar size, like someone
having a sense of mission, and maybe still,
be it only cattle-turnip, the poem is a goal,
prose is a missed chance to score,
the poem is a penalty, prose is the bravura
performance of the goalkeeper, by no means
his luck, that would be almost unfateful.





一丝灵感

[斯洛伐克] 克洛伊·费灵杰

你把甜菜切成
方糖大小的块状，像
某个人怀着一股使命感，或许
至今依然，哪怕只是一块芜菁。诗
是球门，散文则是错过的射门契机
诗是惩罚，散文则是守门员
优秀的扑防，无论如何
都不是他的运气，几无命数

（原译发表于总第 86 期）

After the Tempest

[Pakistan] Tabash Kamal

The night encroached knocking the door,
And when the bolt unbolted, the sound mixed
Into bawl of the distant dogs.

The sun dove,
Then from behind a twig of an olive,
I began to gawk to the lake;
The laughing huddled lotus,
Were whispering to one another;
The air rounded headlong,
The night stared at the long shadow
Of the thick tall tree;
I returned to the room, sprawled on my bed,
Sighs of the night,
Mixed merged into my sensation;
And the glassy-crumbs
That escaped from hands of the night,
I collected them all,
To compose this poem.



风暴过后

[巴基斯坦] 塔巴什·卡迈勒

黑夜敲着门渐渐侵蚀
当门闩拨开，声音混杂着
远处狗的狂吠
太阳钻进了云里
接着 从一颗橄榄树的枝桠后面
我开始凝目注视那片湖
莲高兴地挤在一起
交头接耳地窃窃私语
空气自顾快速地凝聚
黑夜则紧盯着这浓密颇高的树
投下的长长的影子
我回到卧室，躺卧到床上
黑夜在叹息
和着我躁动的心绪
还有那些逃脱出暗夜魔掌的
像玻璃碎片一样的东西
我把它们一一捡起
才谱写出上面的诗句

（原译发表于总第 69 期）

After You Had Gone

[Pakistan] Saamee Aejaaz

Only a little happened
At last
After you had gone,
Love, fondness, faith and trust,
Erased themselves
From the pages of dictionary
Of my life, in such a way
As they never had been there.





你走之后

[巴基斯坦] 萨梅·埃贾兹

你走之后
最终
只出现了那么一点
爱情和痴情，信任和信仰
将它们自己
从我生命的辞典中抹去
就好像
它们从未出现过一样

（原译发表于总第 69 期）

An Effort

[Pakistan] Sughra Sadaf

The moon your face,
The night your locks,
Your eyes the ocean,
Your voice the spell
Your breath the fragrance,
I have regarded.
Lo! What a kind of wonder
I have performed.





努力

[巴基斯坦] 萨格拉·萨达夫

我把月亮看成你的面庞
我把黑夜看成你的锁
我把你的眼睛看作海洋
我把你的声音看作魔咒
我把你的呼吸当成芳香
看！这是什么样的奇迹
能演现在我的手上！

（原译发表于总第 69 期）

And When I'm Lonely

[Tunisia] Sassi Fathi

And when I'm lonely
I open at the poem's door thousand of windows
And make my shadow on the outstanding mirrors
In the eyelid of a mysterious wave
With a smile valid for life
Because the dominant worry of the breed flirts with me
To establish the dream's law in the forgotten streets





当我孤独时

[突尼斯] 萨西·法特西

当我孤独时
我于诗的门口打开千扇窗
在那神秘波浪的眼睑之下
投我的影子在那卓绝的镜像
以一展对生活有效力的笑容
在遗忘的街道上创建梦境的规章
只因那一贯的担忧把我挑逗

（原译发表于总第 90 期）

As Still as a Broom

[USA] Stanley H. Barkan

Love as still as a broom
leaning against a fireplace.

All the carpets swept,
all the ashes grated.

And the candles burned
down to the black wires.

And the windows frosted
starless, moonless.

No shoes under the bed,
no towel on the floor.

Only the crease in the pillow
and a smell I can't remember.





静如帚

[美国] 斯坦利·巴坎

爱如一把扫帚
静靠在壁炉旁边

地毯都扫干净了
灰尘全掸碎下来

蜡烛一直燃烧
连同那黑色的烛芯

窗户结上了霜花
星辰不见, 月光不见

床下没有鞋子
地板上也没有拖布

只有枕头上的褶皱
和我已经记不清的味道

(原译发表于总第 80 期)

At Least They Kill the Monsters

[Italy] Domenico Defelice

In the shadow
Orgies of sparks and lights beam
Spurts the base of television

Listening mute to sad fairy tales
Where the Good has never triumphed
And at the end get loses
In fields sowed with crosses

The children
Are waiting for the adults' snore
For getting syntonized
On Mazzinga and Goldrake
At least, they kill the monsters





至少解决了怪物

[意大利] 多梅尼科·德费利斯

暗影下
火星乱舞，光束咄咄
照亮电视机的底座

默然聆听着悲伤的童话
讲述善无善报
并最终迷失于
遍地栽满十字架的原野

孩子们
等着大人的鼾声
等着与马志格和戈登瑞克
产生共鸣
至少，他们解决了怪物

（原译发表于总第 93 期）

Murder of Beauty

[Russia] Katya Ganeshi

Murder of Beauty is
A malicious Evil
By the “The Flowers of Evil”.
Royal Lions growl and reign
Also exterminate Laughter.
Cruelty for illuminated
Not a hindrance
We — claws of Laughter!
For us Laughter claws!
Let swallows
Look down —
Only bowels, giblets of flowers
Fly





美之谋杀

[俄国] 卡佳·加涅什

美之谋杀
是邪恶的魔
在恶之花的近旁
雄狮咆哮君临
同时也把笑声消亡
为启迪而生的残酷
并非什么阻挡
我们——笑声的鹰爪
笑声为我们撕伤
让燕子们
向下眺望——
只有花的内脏
在飞翔

（原译发表于总第 82 期）

Because

[USA] Luis Carlos Pereira

You put up with me
Day and night
You deserve a day of
Peace of mind
Because Mother's Day
Is about you!
When the day is over,
Remember that
I care for you
No matter how far I am
On this day,
Because
You com first,
And because
I love you.





因为

[美国] 路易斯·卡洛斯·佩雷拉

您包容着我
在每个白天和夜晚
您应该得到一天的
安闲
因为母亲节这个节日
为您而设！
当这一天结束
请您记得
在这一天
不论我离您有多遥远
我都把您挂牵
因为
您在我心里最重要
因为
我爱您

（原译发表于总第 61 期）

Birthnight

[Nigeria] Uzor Maxim Uzoatu

I cut myself into pieces,
Into marginal morsels
With the gnarled axe
On the feathered slab:

Head to torso to toe,
All chopped up
And crammed like mutton
Into the ancestral pot
With sanatory herbs.

I brewed steamy ragout
Studded with dollops
Of minced collops.

I ate myself with cannibals
At the birthnight banquet.





降生之夜

[尼日利亚] 乌祖尔·马克西姆·乌左阿图

我把自己切成块
切成不大不小的小块
用长着双翅的砧板上的
那把手柄扭曲的斧头

从头到躯干到脚趾
全都砍削下来
然后像羊肉一般地
塞进祖先遗留下来的
盛着提神健体药草的香炉里

我熬了一锅蒸腾的炖肉
里面是一块块的
切碎的我肉

在诞生之夜的盛宴上
我和食人族啖享了我自己

（原译发表于总第 73 期）

Boundless

[Saudi Arabia] Raed Anis Al-Jishi

No borders for bounty
with a thousand parties and factions
and woes crown kings of passi
I'm all & nothing
for the great & worthy belong
only to the free word

Leave me then
I chose mirrors
as a mode of reflection
and will
a compass for my path





无限

[沙特阿拉伯] 阿拉德·安尼斯·阿尔·吉斯

千百个党团或派系
利益没有上限
灾难加冕好战的君王
我是一切，也是一无
全因伟大的和值得尊敬的
仅属于自由词汇

那就离我而去吧
我选择镜子
作为一种模式的反思
而且会
把它当做我前路的指南针

（原译发表于总第 97 期）

Bridal-Veil Falls

[USA] Anne-Marie Legan

A majestic
Waterfall's a bride
In a lace veil and gown,
Gliding down
A cavernous cathedral aisle.
Redbud trees
Along the banks
Her bridesmaids,
Toss hot-pink blossoms
Like confetti
In her pathway.





新娘面纱瀑布

[美国] 安玛丽·莱甘

壮丽的瀑布
是一个新娘
蒙着蕾丝的面纱穿着缎带的礼服
从一个深广的大教堂
款款地走下长廊
岸边的紫荆树
是她的伴娘
抛撒着像典礼彩纸样的
深粉色的花瓣
在她走来的路上

（原译发表于总第 63 期）

Bridges

[Kyrgyzstan] Rahim Karim

Sin to turn away from such people
They are a heavenly reward!
They are bridges: built from days
How to burn their own hands?

Yes, let the evil hand wither
Destroy if soulless friendship bridge
Under us flows the sacred river
I'm waiting for you, oh my dear guest!





桥

[吉尔吉斯斯坦] 拉希姆·卡里姆

犯戒以远离这种人
它们是上天的恩赐
——桥：数日建造
将如何烧毁他们自己的双手？

没错，如果无灵魂的友谊成桥
就让邪恶之手去枯萎、摧毁
神圣的河流在我们脚下流淌
我一直在等你，我最尊贵的客人！

（原译发表于总第 96 期）

Butterflies and Roses

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

It is a butterfly that mastered the art of love
Fluttering its wings, circling over the hillocks.
Roses listen to its sweet talk attentively,
Swallowing its whispers as it flies,
For roses are like maidens in their habits -
Whispers in their ears intoxicate them.
It mumbles into the ear of a rose
The petals radiate with rosiness and fragrance
And suddenly they are embraced in a kiss
Each of them drunk in the arms of its lover.
But when the nectar has quenched its fire
It flies away looking for a new lover.
How many a dewdrop has trickled down the cheek of a
rose
Her heart weeping at the infidelity of a butterfly.
It is a lesson for maidens
If only warnings could avail in love!





胡蝶和玫瑰

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

倒是胡蝶更懂得爱情的艺术
你看它翩跹着，盘旋在小丘上
玫瑰全神贯注地听着它甜蜜的絮语
渴饮下它的呢喃
玫瑰啊，可不正如那些少女——
耳边的私语最让她们陶醉
胡蝶飞来了，凑近一朵花冠
绯红的花瓣和香气散射出光晕
一瞬间它们就拥吻在了一起
在对方的怀抱里神醉
可在琼浆熄灭了这道激情的火焰后
它就飞走了，寻找一个新的情人
多少珠泪从玫瑰的脸上流下
为胡蝶的不忠，它的心在滴血
这是少女们应该汲取的教训
但这警言真能适用在爱情就好了！

（原译发表于总第 79 期）

Deathday

[Nigeria] Uzor Maxim Uzoatu

Before Genesis and the kiss of genius
On the cretin of creation,
I died a chequered death
In the bewitching womb
Of the country of the tomb,
Home of wounds and wakes
And the nightmares between,
Foretold in elegy of folk memory
And the mirage of image
By the oracle of Agama at Okorokoro
Bearing iconic mementos
Of stillbirth and cot death
Across the ghastly waste
Of a desolate homeland.





歿日

[尼日利亚] 乌祖尔·马克西姆·乌左阿图

在创世纪之前，在守护神亲吻
他造出的傻子之前
我就已死去 难辨荣辱
在那坟墓的国度之
令人魅惑的子宫里
满目疮痍的家园和觉醒
以及周旋其间的噩梦
民间记忆里的挽歌已预言
连同影像的浮想
奥寇罗寇罗的长尾蜥蜴做出谕示
背负着胎死腹中和夭折于
襁褓的圣象遗物
穿过那荒废家园的
不寒而栗的废墟

（原译发表于总第 73 期）

Dragonflies

[Czech] Michal Brzák

As the battle helicopters
Do the dragonflies their flights
They sail through the air
They are scouts
Of the free movement
Graceful curves
As if by chance
Follow smooth water surface
They fascinate by moves and sounds
They fly free
Like a silence through the noise





蜻蜓

[捷克] 米哈尔·布尔扎克

当战斗机群
像蜻蜓那样摆翼
它们飞越寰宇
它们是自由
行动的童子军
好像是随意
做出的优雅弧线
流畅地贴着水平面
那动作和声音让人心驰
自由的翱翔
像闹中的静寂

（原译发表于总第 89 期）

Dreaming

[Czech] Michal Brzák

I'm kissing you to your dream
Perhaps I will also fall into sleep
But for now I am awake
And daydreaming of you
In my dream
I marvel at you
That the life with you
Is like a dream within the dream





梦

[捷克] 米哈尔·布尔扎克

我在你的梦境中亲吻你
或许我也会入睡
不过，我现在很清醒
却在白日里梦想着你
在我的幻想中
我为你惊奇
于你，人生
宛如梦中的梦

（原译发表于总第 89 期）

Everyday Pain

[Poland] Sebastian Nowak

Day by day
I can hear
Only one scream
In my old head:

Move your life!
Move your brain!
Don't be lazy!
Don't be crazy!

Please, leave me alone
On the path near my end
I haven't got normal, red blood
Only water
Only dry water





每日的苦痛

[波兰] 塞巴斯蒂安·诺瓦克

一天又一天
我只能听见
我陈旧的脑壳里
一声叫喊：

奋起你的人生！
动起你的大脑！
不要懒惰！
不要疯癫！

拜托，请别烦我
在我即将到达终点的路上
我还未达到常态和热血
只有水
只有干水

（原译发表于总第 67 期）

Express from the Post Office

[Greece] Chrissoulla Varveri-Varras

Will The Universal Post Office?
Shed any tears for people?
Or protest about the breach of trust?
With those who are trustworthy?
Will the Universal Post Office?
Shed any more tears?
Cry a river, perhaps, of prayer?
To Heaven. For the children?
Will that strengthen them?
Make them firm in their faith?
Will The Universal Post Office?
Give to. "The Immoral." Flowers? In Winter?
Where and when they are hoped for?





邮局快件

[希腊] 克瑞斯苏拉·瓦尔弗里·瓦拉斯

万国邮政联盟会不会？
为人们流下几滴眼泪？
或者为背信弃义抗议？
同那些可靠的人一起？
万国邮政联盟会不会？
为谁流下更多的眼泪？
任你哭去，也许哭一条河？全是
向上帝的祷告，为孩子们祷告？
那样是不是就能使其强壮？
让他们的信念更加坚强？
万国邮政联盟会不会？
给百花以“永生”？在它们
被期待的地方和严冬？

（原译发表于总第 68 期）

Eye Language

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

When her eyes meet mine
I feel my heart fluttering.
I see her face blushing with shyness
And her cheeks flush with emotions.
Eyelids droop with deep dark lashes
Over lustrous eyes,
And I feel my heart
Bursting against my ribs.
And I, too, shyly look away
And do not speak the words I wished to say.
She passes by
Without a word between us
Yet our silence fills the air
Like long speeches!





目光之语

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

当我们四目相对的那一刹
我的心就张开了翅膀
她的脸羞答答地红了
感情全染在了那脸庞
黑密的睫毛罩住了
她那闪亮的眸子
我觉得我的心在砰砰跳
震颤着我的胸膛
而我，也腼腆地别过眼神
收回了心的狂想
她于是擦身而过
一句话也没有说
但我们的无言却如长谈
一直在空中回荡

（原译发表于总第 77 期）

Flowing Hair

[Slovakia] Károly Fellingner

Christmas approaches slowly by sleigh,
I got a kink in my hair while sleeping,
then I crept in stealthily among
the disheveled lines, reading
our sole daily paper, in which
the small kid wearing large boots
is already outside of the fence, he received
good and bad, he was born out of
fear, just like the redeeming memory
and as I noticed our well-known
politician in the paper, I forgot
the dream that I had had,
and whether it was good or bad.





飘发

[斯洛伐克] 克洛伊·费灵杰

圣诞节乘雪橇悄然将至
昨晚酣睡我的头发卷曲散乱
于是我偷偷起身，钻进
这些凌乱的曲线，读着
我们唯一的日报，上面
写着小家伙穿好大大的靴子
已经守候在栅栏外边。他
迎接善恶，在恐惧中降诞
就像那回撒的记忆一般
我还在上面发现了我们熟知
的那位政治家，这时我忘了昨晚
做的梦，到底是恶还是善

（原译发表于总第 86 期）

Free in Prison

[Brazil] Irenice Martins

Long live freedom
the feeling of a sheet
wandering in the air
when I was seduced
by a soft voice
burning in the heart.

Suddenly
I saw me in your arms
and everything turned
I was chained in that love.

in coexistence
I met true love.
emotions
become wars
I asked for peace.

For questions of roads
I decided from a stop
in a relationship
it was not furgáz.





自由图圖

[巴西] 艾琳奈斯·马丁斯

自由万岁
我被燃烧在
心里的温柔声音
迷惑，这时自由
恰似一张纸
凌空飘舞的感觉

倏然
我看到自己在你臂弯
一切都被翻转
我被桎梏于那种爱

在共存中
我遇到真爱
感情
变成战争
我祈求和平

对于马路的问题
我觉得在一段关系的
驿站里
并非

（原译发表于总第 83 期）

Full Moon

[USA] Kaye Voigt Abikhaled

Mirror moon
Shard sharp

Sleepless nights three
Peer Gynt's asylum

Grey haunts invoking

I nudge inmates
In tight circle dance





满月

[美国] 凯·沃伊特·阿比哈莱德

明月
如破碎的镜子般锋利

不眠之夜，三个
佩尔·金特的庇护所

阴暗的场所

我轻推着被收容的人
在狭窄的圈子里起舞

（原译发表于总第 91 期）

Gifts of a Poet

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

Do not lay around my heart a siege
Let it sing out its tunes and poems
For it is like a butterfly
That would perish
Were it denied the nectar from the flowers ...
For it is like a rose in a garden,
Refreshed by the dewdrops,
Presenting its fragrance generously to passers by ...
It is like a nightingale
Each dawn of day,
Its sensuous notes filling the air ...
For it is like a guitar
That strums each time a lovely maiden passes.
Let it present those maidens with its tunes
For you alone can have both music and instrument.





诗人之才赋

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

不要将我的心筑起围城
让它唱出自己的诗，自己的乐声
因为它就像一只蝴蝶
被剥夺了花朵的玉液琼浆
很快就会殒命
因为它就像花园里的一支玫瑰
承露泽而神醒
延馥郁以路人，慷慨相赠
它也像一只夜莺
那每日清晨悦耳的鸣啭
漂浮在天空
它还像一柄吉他
拨响，每当有少女经行
让它弹奏吧，给那些少女
因为你可独享这乐器和乐声

（原译发表于总第 78 期）

God of Poetry

[Nigeria] Uzor Maxim Uzoatu

I am the god of poetry
In the shadow of pagan poverty.

I antedate the Muses
And graven godlings of godsmiths
From alabaster Greece to mimic Rome.

I culture the spoils of empire
On the rotunda of metaphor
As legends juxtapose
Tokens and totems of the clash
Between museum and market.

I cast the idol of the word
By protean grains of the raw frontier
On the canonic core
Of the cosmic labyrinth.





诗神

[尼日利亚] 乌祖尔·马克西姆·乌左阿图

我是诗歌之神
却被隐没于异教徒的清贫

我早于缪斯众神
和金匠雕刻的各种小神
从雪花石膏的希腊到善于模仿的罗马

当神话传说并置
博物收藏和买卖市场撞击而生的
图腾和象征
我就培育起帝国的肥缺
在隐喻的穹顶大厅

粗糙原始的疆界纹理云诡波谲
我将这种语言的圣象投掷
在广遂无穷的迷宫
那真经的心核之上

（原译发表于总第 73 期）

Human Guise

[Tunis] Olfa Philo

We are all the same yet different bottles;
some are fat, others are thin
some are plain, others are embellished
some with inscriptions, others without
some are "dressed", others are ""naked"
some are painted, others are transparent
some made of glass, others of plastic or metal
but what matters most is not
our sameness as mere "containers"
but our different "contents" -
the soul and heart jailed inside
whether alive, rotten or dead.





人之伪装

[德瑞德] 奥尔法·费罗

我们都是瓶子，但又各有差异
有的圆鼓鼓，有的细长长
有的朴素，有的华丽
有的制着铭文，有的了无字迹
有的穿着衣服，有的光着屁股
有的涂上了颜色，有的晶莹透剔
有的是玻璃制成，有的是塑料或金属质地
然而最重要的却并非是我们作为“器具”的同一性质
而是我们不同的“内含”——
那禁锢在内的心和魂
不论活着、腐烂还是已然逝去

（原译发表于总第 84 期）

Hushed

[Belgium] Dominique Hecq

Light pours down
The unrelenting sky
To earth ribbed and ridged
With the tough stroke
Of Drysdale's brush

I track down words
For hues and shades in books
Envy the skill of artist-explorers
Who forged new ways of seeing

The cries of crows fall
Through blues onto rusty ochres
Pulsing with dust ravens
This place stills my tongue





城默

[比利时] 多米尼克·赫克

光 以德斯代尔画笔
粗犷的线条
从无情的天空
倾泻到
脊条壑壑的大地

我在书中探求
色调和阴影的词语
羡慕那些创造全新洞察方式的
艺术探索者的技艺

乌鸦的啼声
穿过忧郁，散落在锈迹斑斑
搏动着尘鸦的赭石上
此地，让我哑口无言

（原译发表于总第 91 期）

I Fell in Love with a Song-woman

[Kyrgyzstan] Rahim Karim

I fell in love with a beautiful song, -
In song- woman: singing.
Stupefied vociferous, -
With me a waltz dancing.

I fell in love with a beautiful song -
So words charming.
In his tender and darling,
Like a kiss on the lips.

I fell in love with a beautiful song,
My soul is so intoxicating.
In that tune, oh, so passionate,
Like a bell ringing.

I fell in love with a heartfelt song,
And in love, captivating yourself.
In the song-woman, so sinless,
In words, gentle, elegant ...





恋上一个歌女

[吉尔吉斯斯坦] 拉希姆·卡里姆

我爱上了一支美妙的歌
在一位歌女吟唱的曲调里
令人痴迷又癫狂
我随之舞起了华尔兹

我爱上了一支美妙的歌
那歌词如此让人痴迷
在他的温柔而宠溺里
宛若印在唇上的一个吻

我爱上了一支美妙的歌
灵魂已经迷醉癫狂
在那阙旋律中，如此热切啊
犹如响起的铃

我爱上了一支动人的歌
在爱情中将你自己捕获
这个歌女，如此纯美无暇
温柔而优雅，无与伦比……

（原译发表于总第 96 期）

Ideals

[Greece] Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Snow-covered mountains,
Ancient monuments,
A north wind that nods to us,
A thought that flows,
Images imbued
With hymns of history,
Words on signs
With ideals of geometry.





理想

[希腊] 迪米特里斯 P. 克伦阿迪斯

雪山
古迹
北风 向你我点头
思想 奔涌不已
影像浸透
伴随历史的颂歌
言辞刻划
连同几何的理想

(原译发表于总第 62 期)

Idol

[Russia] Lara Ayvazyan

Why do I think of you
After all, you do not know me
You are an episode in my life
To flesh so bright, you will disappear!
Destiny is a decent benchmark
And you will be heard by crowd
Talent shines like a sapphire
Not brilliant, but powerful
You are celestial, you are the hero
Who knows honor and glory
My knight, my unloved
I will not be your fun
And yet, here is a flight
You become more open
And if the soul still sings
I exist, I live





偶像

[俄罗斯] 拉拉·阿瓦兹安

我为何会念起你
毕竟，你并不认识我
毕竟，你并不认识我
终会消失，即便曾经鲜丽
天命是雍容的标尺
凡俗也会听到你的言语
天资像一颗蓝色宝石闪烁
虽不耀目，却也无匹
你是天神，你是英雄
知晓荣耀与光荣
我的勇士，孤独的勇士
我不会是你的玩娱
然而这儿仍有一次飞翔
你变得更加宽容
如果心灵还在歌唱
我就会存在，我就会呼吸

（原译发表于总第 87 期）

Illusions

[Greece] Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Noiseless wrinkles
On our forehead
The frontiers of history,
Shed oblique glances
At Homer's verses.
Illusions
Full of guilt
Redeem
Wounded whispers
That became echoes
In lighted caves
Of the fools and the innocent.





幻想

[希腊] 迪米特里斯 P. 克伦阿迪斯

无声的皱纹
布满额头
历史的边界
睥睨着
荷马的诗篇

那无知和无邪的人的
洞穴 灯火通明
创伤的耳语
在此回响
被 满是愧疚的 幻想
救赎

（原译发表于总第 62 期）

Ingratitude

[Tunis] Olfa Philo

in ungrateful humans, never invest
your capital, dreams, youth, heart nor soul
their sly schemes, you can never digest &
their deceit's fire will mistake you for coal
remind them for ages to pay past dues
but all your endeavours are in vain!
'cause you'll end up with getting the blues
while they reap your fruits & savor your pain
invest better in a nonhuman fertile land
cultivate, sow seeds, water, clean & weed
one season's time & you'll reap fruits not sand
only then your gains are guaranteed

do invest in nonhuman creatures
for devils are humans' secret teachers





忘恩负义

[突尼斯] 奥尔法·费罗

不要在忘恩负义之人的身上投注
你的资本、梦想、青春、心抑或你的感情
他们的阴谋诡计，你永难识破，而且
他们的欺骗之火会将你如同煤炭那样燃罄
多年来你一直提醒他们偿还过去的债
而你的所有努力都徒劳无功！

因为你最终将沮丧收场
而他们则收获你的果实并品味你的苦痛
去一块肥沃而无人的土地上投资吧
耕耘，播种，浇水，锄草并修整
只一个季节，你便能收获累累而非一事无成
到那时你的获得才能得到保证

一定记着，不要在人身上投入
因为魔鬼和人类是隐秘的师生

（原译发表于总第 84 期）

Initials in a Spiritual Unsingular

[Bosnia and Herzegovina] Dino Porović

The Spirit

Walking, yodels two great letters

There are too many spices

No, these are not your initials

The Spirit

From the reflection of a silhouette in the overflow

Is dying upright

Drinking moonlight

The Spirit

The eternally serene calm in the silence

Is a white stone

Yes, I am no longer a poet





精神正常的头字母

[波斯尼亚 黑塞哥维那] 迪诺·波洛维奇

精神
边走边唠叨着两个伟大的字母
有太多趣味
不对，这都不是你的头字母

精神
在溢出的黑色背影反射而来
站立着死去
啜饮着月光

精神
宁静中永恒的宁静
是一块白色石头
是的，我已不是诗人。

（原译发表于总第 89 期）

Late Dinner

[USA] Nancy Cavers Dougherty

I knew you were expecting me—
I sprint to the metro, silk scarf streaming
Things couldn't wait. Cool words hiding like a rabbit
in juniper. Clothes to bring in
in from the rain. The scrubbed talc
of experience
and diapers to be changed. A pailful
“Mommy” she says, and rolls over. Mommy is
something indefinable and self-contained
Is tangerines and thunder
of hunger. I dreamt of thunder
and more confrontation with the neighbor
that went on link after link on the computer like lettuce
leaves
pulled from the head. And on top of everything
the moans of violin and gush of tears
on Bleecker Street fused in a traffic glottal stop
longest. Is drunk on flack
on kerplunk of coins for a wailful. Then detour
thru red-eye streets I hadn't known about but here I am, in
Manhattan
Dusk coats the sailboats in chocolate





略晚的晚饭

[美国] 南希·卡弗斯·多尔蒂

我知道你在等我——
我冲刺向地铁，丝巾飘扬
时不我待。俏皮话像躲进
杜松的兔子。从雨中带来的
衣服。被磨得锃亮的
经验的滑石
还有要换掉的尿布。满满一桶
“妈咪”，她说，然后翻过身去
妈咪是难以定义的，拘谨
是橘子和饥饿的雷声？
我梦到过雷声，还有更多
和邻居的对抗，像从头往下捋的
莴笋叶，一轮轮地在电脑上持续
而尤为重要，小提琴的呜咽
和布里克大街上奔涌的泪水长久地熔合
在一个交通声控站。推销员已醉？
为柯普浪硬币游戏哀悼着。然后通过
我从来不知的红眼街道迂回，来到这里
在曼哈顿。暮霭把帆船披上棕色

（原译发表于总第 92 期）

Letter

[Poland] Sebastian Nowak

Strange...

I have got letter

White envelope

With simple words:

Try walking in my shoes

Your God





信件

[波兰] 塞巴斯蒂安·诺瓦克

很奇怪
我收到了一封信

白色的信封上
写着简洁的字：

试着站在我的位置
你的上帝

（原译发表于总第 67 期）

Motions

[Czech] Michal Brzák

I have doubts
When my pen on the paper
Gently slides

Switch off the lamp
This way I may write through to
The lyrics

Clearly
the paper is giving birth ..
To the verse(s)

Maybe
Someone may recognise you
When glimpsing these verses





动作

[捷克] 米哈尔·布尔扎克

当我的笔
在纸上轻轻地划过
我心生疑惑

点亮灯
我便可以写下
一整首歌

那纸
显然正把诗
诞下

也许
有人能把你认出
如果看到了这张诗作

（原译发表于总第 89 期）

Naked

[Czech] Michal Brzák

Naked
You are
Beautiful
Always
Forever





赤裸

[捷克] 米哈尔·布尔扎克

赤裸的
你
始终
而永恒的
美丽

（原译发表于总第 89 期）

Nature

[Italia] Eugenio Morelli

Pretending
eyes of mirrors,
masks.
I look at the see,
the sky,
the sun,
remembering
what hand
would paint it?





自然

[意大利] 欧亨尼奥·莫雷利

假装是
镜子的眼睛
面具的眼睛
我瞭望大海
太阳 和
天空
想起——
什么样的手
才能描绘如此光影？

（原译发表于总第 69 期）

Nourishment of the Soul

[Brazil] Wilson de Oliveira Jasa

Poetry is the nourishment of the soul
which flows from the heart with emotion
it has beauty and enchantment as well as magic
and makes us to live with inspiration.

It is the nourishment of the soul which irradiates,
and feeds the thirsty of passion
and makes it stronger night and day
supporting the being with amplitude.

We can live verse by verse,
in harmony and peace with the Universe
and feel the pleasure of selected love.

Love Poetry has noble value
it is the strength of the Poet's soul
which feeds the body and the soul completely.





心灵的食粮

[巴西] 威尔逊·奥莉薇娅·贾莎

诗歌是心灵的食粮
从心底饱蘸感情溢出的诗行
它美丽，它迷人，它像魔法一样
它让我们倍受鼓舞着成长

它是心灵的营养，心灵也把它照亮
激情疲惫了，心灵来喂食
还让诗一天天变得茁壮
而生命也因此越发宽广

我们可以以诗为生
我们可以与宇宙和平消长
感受着天择友爱的欢畅

情诗无价而高尚
灌注诗人的心灵以力量
并将诗人的身心同时滋养

（原译发表于总第 78 期）

Odyssey

[Armenia] Eduard Harents

We ate poetry,
smoked silence
with a cup of coffee,
we got away from death
chewing colors,
but still we are gazing
at the word...





奥德赛

[亚美尼亚] 爱德华·海伦茨

就着一杯咖啡
我们吃掉诗歌
抽着沉默
我们躲过了死亡
把色彩咀嚼
但是我们仍面对
那些话语凝视着

（原译发表于总第 75 期）

On the Evening

[Pakistan] Muhammad Shanazar

On the brim of drowning day,
A slight after the sunset,
Clad in crimson pink bridal dress,
I see a bride every day exposing
Her unheeded, enthralling beauties,
Waiting for her courting partner,
Propping, fondling in both the hands
The silky locks of light and darkness,
And she ever stands for a while between,
Like a smart streak partitioning boundaries
Of the shiny silvery day, dark shady night.





向晚

[巴基斯坦] 穆罕迈德·沙纳扎尔

太阳刚刚落下，
闷热的一天走向尽头，
我看到一个新娘，
穿着深粉色的婚纱。
她的美让人沉迷却无人察觉，
她在等待有人来求爱，
她用双手支起、抚摸
晨昏交迭的丝绸之锁。
她总是伫立其间 片刻
像一条漂亮的条纹 分割
银亮白昼和黯晦黑夜的边界

（原译发表于总第 63 期）

Painting

[Poland] Sebastian Nowak

Look at my world
Black and white colours
Paint my soul
Using fresh rainbow
And drop of water
From God's eye





喷绘

[波兰] 塞巴斯蒂安·诺瓦克

看一看我的世界吧
黑白两色
喷绘了我的心
用鲜丽的彩虹
还有上帝眼中的
一滴泪

（原译发表于总第 67 期）

Paradox Is Life!

[India] N. V. Subbaraman

PARADOX thy name sure is LIFE
Intelligence as sharp as knife
Yet, knows not what is right and wrong
Prejudices are high and strong!
Music so dear to her heart
Turns to be a head ache of sort
Sweetness she likes becomes sour
Scent of jasmine the great flower
Which she loves and wears a plenty
Repulses her - a great pity!
Friends from childhood turn bitter foes
Become friends again ending woes!
Paradox thy name sure is life
To be freed indeed will be fine!





矛盾人生

[印度] N. V. 萨巴拉曼

矛盾，汝之名必为“人生”
你智慧，你锐利如刀锋
却不知何者为误何者为正
你的偏见持久而强硬
她原来如此热爱那乐声
却转为烦恼使其头疼
她素喜甜美也变成酸戾不通
那馥郁的梔子花和露水
也是她最爱的曾经
可惜，现在已早为其冷落
儿时的好友变成劲敌
转又结束悲伤重叙友情
矛盾啊矛盾，汝之名必为人生
美哉莫如冲出牢笼！

（原译发表于总第 79 期）

Parnassus

[Slovakia] Károly Fellingner

My primary school deskmate lies out there,
in the cemetery, the poor fellow, homeless
even in his grave, my high school deskmate,
a thriving monumental mason measures me
with his eyes at our thirty-year
class reunion, meanwhile, death turns out
to be biased, idle, he knows the meaning
of life, so he sponges on the past biting
its own tail, as does the present
on unspoken words.





巴那塞斯山

[斯洛伐克] 克洛伊·费灵杰

我小学的同桌躺在那里
在那坟墓里，可怜的家伙，即便
在阴间也无家可归。我高中的同桌
一个家大业大的泥瓦匠，用双眼
打量着我，在我们毕业 30 周年
聚会上，这时候，似乎死神
太偏颇、懒惰，他知道生命的
价值，他才死乞于过去
反噬自己的尾巴，就像现在
百赖于未发的言语

（原译发表于总第 86 期）

Pulsation

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

For you, and you alone, my love
I've woven lines of gold and fragrance.
Who else could share the verses from my soul
When only you can stir my pounding heart
I come to you, holding within my hands
A world transported by your charm,
Sprinkling my ardent love into your palms
Like precious stones, sparkling with light.
They say the inspiration of romantic verse
Belongs to bygone days. If what they say is true
Then you, my love embody what is lost.





悸动

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

给你，我的爱，只给你
我织就一副金光闪耀而馥郁的图锦
还有谁能分享源自我心的诗行
只有你才能沸腾我悸动的心脏
我走向你，紧握一个被你的魅力
俘获的世界，把我炽热的爱
喷洒在你的手掌
就像那闪耀的光泽的宝石一样
人们都说浪漫诗行的灵感
只属于消逝的时光，如果真是这样
那么你，我的爱，就是那遗失的诗章

（原译发表于总第 79 期）

Reiteration

[Iraq] Muniam Alfaker

I reiterate myself
At the table,
And say what I have said
Yesterday.
I have only a broken pencil
And some paper,
Refugees from the routine that
Imprisons.





重申

[伊拉克] 穆尼亚姆·阿尔法克

我一遍又一遍地
在桌前重复
我昨天 说过的
话
我只有一只折断的铅笔
和几张纸
像往常一样
仍被监禁的 难民

（原译发表于总第 62 期）

Reward

[Greece] Chrissoulla Varveri-Varras

My mind and all of my joy have become.
Swamped in the open sea of my self pity.
Indoors, alone, bored, here in the silence as.
Outside The North Wind blows.
Clouding my windows pane.
I mourn my lost self image.
Love has become a marketable commodity again.
Or. At best. Some sort of security.
For money lent.
Ask another but not me.
I'll wait here in the hope of Heavens reward.
On the other side of Eternitys Sea.





奖赏

[希腊] 克瑞斯苏拉·瓦尔弗里·瓦拉斯

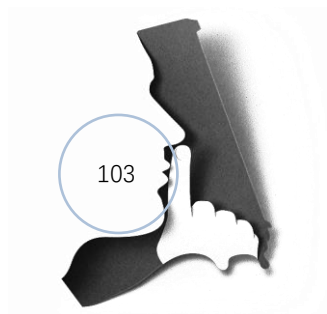
我的整个脑袋和我的欢乐已经
 深陷我自怜自爱的公海
在屋里，我独自一人，无聊苦闷，正如
 在户外的阒寂 北风劲吹
 云翳了我的窗棱
 我痛悼我失去的自我印象
爱情又变成了一件可贾的商品
或者 充其量 某种形式的保障
 以备借钱之需
 问别人吧别问我
我会在此地守候上帝的奖赏
 在另一边永生的海洋

（原译发表于总第 68 期）

Ship Wrecked (Náufrago)

[Brazil] Adélia Einsfeldt

Waking by the street
indifferent, at the dawn
without destiny
lonely with anguish
not even feeling
the falling rain
on the wet hair,
like a shipwrecked
waiting for something
to happen at daybreak.





沉船（落难）

[巴西] 阿德利亚·恩斯菲尔德

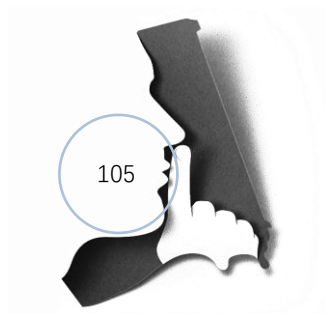
黎明。我
在大街上苏醒 无动于衷
痛苦而孤单
也没有什么天命
甚至感觉不到那
落下的雨
打湿了头发
我就像一艘遇难的船
苦等……
等待着天亮什么会发生


（原译发表于总第 69 期）

Size 40

[Czech] Michal Brzák

I will wait easily for 10 years
Before you grow up your Forties
For your flavour, voice and breath
Today I foster you in my dreams





40 号

[捷克] 米哈尔·布尔扎克

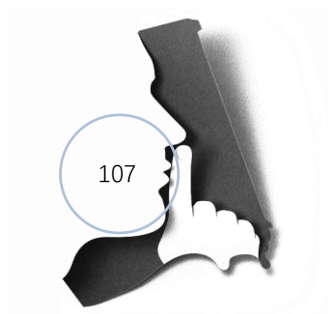
我可以轻易地再等 10 年
然后你才进入 40
为了你的味道，声音和呼吸
今天我把你养在我的梦里

（原译发表于总第 89 期）

Slaughterhouse's Hawks

[Italy] Domenico Defelice

On the slaughterhouse way
Occasional cemetery of bones
Burdensome, come the hawks,
From the eucalyptus-tops.
Jamp their hearts
To the perpetual roar of the engines; the wing
Every day flies down
Striking at the prey
From blue dizziness of the sky.
They come to blow, squeaking like swifts,
Into the eyes shines no more
The elation of the peaks.





屠宰场的鹰

[意大利] 多梅尼科·德费利斯

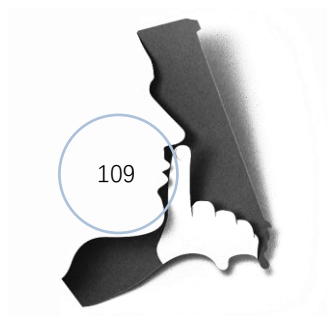
去往屠宰场的路上，
几处白骨堆就的坟茔，
让人心情沉重。桉树上
 飞下几只鹰
 引擎不断轰鸣
 躁动着鹰的心房
 那羽翼每天飞下
 从炫目的蓝天
 冲向猎物
它们鸣如雨燕，扑向
那已经不再照耀巅峰
 高处的眼

（原译发表于总第 93 期）

Star

[Czech] Michal Brzák

You'll be sitting
Next to me
On your beautiful butt
I adore
You will shine
You shine!
Don't say anything
Or .. talk ...
But mainly
Do not leave anywhere
Be by my side
Stay by me
Forever





星辰

[捷克] 米哈尔·布尔扎克

你将靠着
我坐着
垫着我心爱的
那美臀
你将闪耀
你就在闪耀
不要说什么
或讲什么
尤其是
不要离开
就在我身边
陪着我
永远

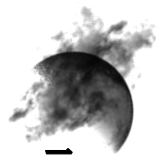
（原译发表于总第 89 期）

The Clouds

[Tunisia] Sassi Fathi

The clouds don't care about a face
That climbs up like water
And what remains for the travel icon alone
In the veins of roses
And contemplating in the courting to the shadow
As an evening talk





云

[突尼斯] 萨西·法特西

云不介意
像水一样升起的脸
以及图标遗留在
玫瑰血脉里的东西
注视着对阴影的求爱
作为夜晚的谈话

（原译发表于总第 90 期）

The Cradle-song

[Poland] Jerzy Grupiński

Sleep

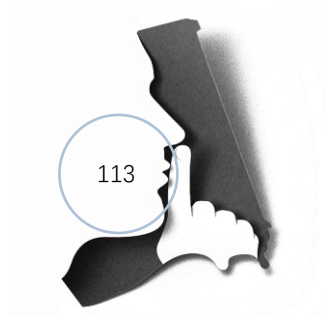
When the throb of the city

Deafens the wind

And chestnuts beat dully

Into a skeleton of a mole

Under the asphalt ground





摇篮曲

[波兰] 杰西·格鲁宾斯基

安睡
当城市的悸动
震聒了穿行的风
板栗也掉落 沉闷地打进
柏油路面之下的
一个鼯鼠的骸骨中

（原译发表于总第 67 期）

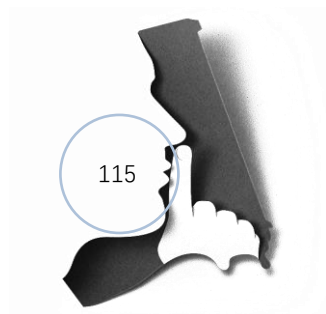
The Eleventh Commandme


[Armenia] Eduard Harents

When you let Love go from your hand,
give a clap to
your soul's weakness.

And to forgiveness of the light that flew
from your eaves
give a clap -
with palm to your cheek
from which you tore the flute of aroma.
Give a clap to the flute...

One hand gives a clap too...





第十一戒

[亚美尼亚] 爱德华·海伦茨

当你松手把爱放走
你就为你的心灵的软弱
鼓掌吧

也为那从你屋檐下飞来的
光的宽容
鼓掌吧
用手掌朝向你的脸庞
撕裂那芬芳的长笛
也为它鼓掌吧……

即便是只有一只手……

（原译发表于总第 75 期）

The Fruit

[Poland] Jerzy Grupański

Believe

The whole tree trembles

When you cover

A blood-red fruit of a cherry-tree

With your hungry lips





车厘子

[波兰] 杰西·格鲁宾斯基

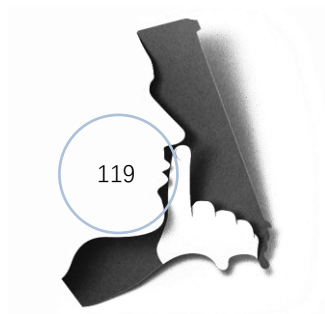
相信吧
这樱桃树会全身震颤
当你用
你那饥渴的双唇
啖啖一颗血红的车厘子

（原译发表于总第 67 期）

The Genesis of Clay

[Saudi Arabia] Raed Anis Al-Jishi

I wear clay masks
made out of sapless soil
Call on the storm cloud
chained by the bleak cold
to join the thrill of the newborn wind
on a pearl
muffled with pride





陶泥之初

[沙特阿拉伯] 阿拉德·安尼斯·阿尔·吉斯

我戴着没有汁液的土
制成的陶泥面具
拜访凄冷紧锁的
乌云
在一颗因为骄傲
而声音低沉的珍珠上
加入新生之风的狂欢

（原译发表于总第 97 期）

The Last Soldier

[Romania] Dragos Barbu

There's burning the air and the bullets whistle
Hundreds of shells gage the death...

There's fire, tumult and cold

In the no man's land.

And the last soldier

Bearing the jungle's green moss

With mud on his temples

And lightning under eyelids

Approaches.

And he will always pass

Into another realm

Beyond the razor wire

Of this world

Carrying the slag

Of all the useless victories.

But however

We will hear the echo

Of his words:

“Nothing is over”!



最后的战士

[罗马尼亚] 德拉格斯·巴布

子弹嗖嗖 硝烟弥漫
千百颗炮弹以死亡做赌
在这无人的疆域，全是
战火、狼藉和阴寒
最后的战士
挟带一身丛林青苔
粘着一脸泥巴
迎着眼底闪掠的火光
向前 向前 向前
他 总会踏进
另一片疆土
裹挟着这无谓的胜战
燃烧的余烬
穿过这块领地的
铁丝栏
但是，不论怎样
我们总能听到他声音的
回响——
“一切尚未完结！”

（原译发表于总第 61 期）

The Seasons of Life

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

Do not say to me that youth has gone and is lost.
Perhaps what is coming will be sweeter.
Youth is full of impulsiveness and rashness
Whilst middle age overflows with wisdom and maturity.
Tell him he who bemoans the departure of youth before
he has grown old
For fear that it would leave him.
Hold on; wasn't childhood full of fun
Ah! Would that we could return a child
Wasn't the dawn of youth full of love?
When your dream-girl bestowed upon you her smile.
Yet every season of life holds its magic,
So enjoy life in all its seasons!





人生四季

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

不要跟我说青春已然消亡
也许即将到来的更加甜美
青春总是冲动而鲁莽
而盛年则充满智慧和成熟
告诉那些未老先怅的人，那些
害怕青春离逝的人不要
胡思乱想，童年不总是欢畅
——啊，如果能返老还童多好
当梦寐以求的女孩向你微笑
青春的拂晓可不正爱意荡漾
然而人生的每个季节都有它的魔力
还是不如尽情地——歆享

（原译发表于总第 79 期）

The Sound of the Flute

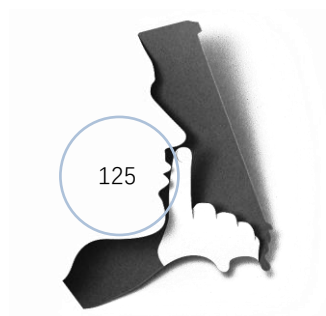
[Austria] Kurt F. Svatek

It was March
And that was the best month to sing.

It was June
And that was the best month to dance.

It was September
And that was the best month to play the flute.

It was December
And that was the best month to keep quiet.





笛声

[奥地利] 库尔特 F. 斯瓦泰克

三月
是三月最适于唱歌

六月
是六月最适于婆娑

九月
是九月最适于抚笛

十二月
是这个月最好沉默

（原译发表于总第 74 期）

This Morning

[Brazil] Irenice Martins

I woke up with my love by my side.
I felt a delight

Your breath
the scent of herbs
invading my window.

With body on fire
I was taken by his arms
when the sun
was burning in
the crack of the door.

Delicia be loved
in the early hours
day.





今晨

[巴西] 艾琳奈斯·马丁斯

我醒来，身旁是我最爱的人
怎能不开心

你的呼吸
如药草般香
来侵越我的窗

我陷入他的臂膀
那如烈焰的身体
就像太阳
在房门的燃烧中
劈啪作响

迪丽莎之爱
在每一日的
晨曦时光

（原译发表于总第 83 期）

To Ascend the Throne of Poetry

[Russia] Adolf P. Shvedchikov

To ascend the throne of poetry,
To clench in your hands the power of word,
To gain such a generous award,
Can you imagine, it might be?
At times I tried to wend my way
To reach an unattainable height,
To have the powerful king's might,
To stop at last to go astray...
Where is the wizard who will guard?
Who will point to the exalted place?
Where every poet is master and ace,
Generally known, gifted bard!



登上诗歌的宝座

[俄罗斯] 阿道夫 P. 斯维德柴可夫

去攀登诗的宝座，
去把文字之力牢牢紧握，
去获得这种丰厚嘉奖，
你能否设想，这应该可以？
有时我探寻地择路
以达到无法企越的高度
以拥有雄威君王的力量
以最终停下不入迷途
那向导在何方？他守护着
引领我走进这神圣的殿堂
那里每个诗人都天赋异禀
都是吟游的大师和诗王

（原译发表于总第 64 期）

To God

[Kyrgyzstan] Rahim Karim

The feather you gave me
I carry it in my pocket and in my hands.
And I will write to them until
While ink is blood in his lips ...

And I put a verse tattoo,
In a prominent place muscular senses.
The red gouache dries in the body, -
Sent down - joy, grief and sadness ...

I do not have enough released papers
On the walls of the shower I line the lines.
I will spend the soul bank,
And I will sign with Your pen - to the bottom line.





致上帝

[吉尔吉斯斯坦] 拉希姆·卡里姆

你给我的羽毛
我随身携带，揣进兜里，握在手心
我还会给它们写诗直到
墨汁变成他唇上的血滴……

我用诗文做了纹身
就在身上凸显肌肉的醒目位置
体内红色的水粉颜料已风干
传送着快乐、悲伤与忧愁……

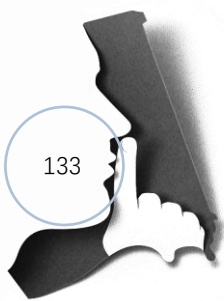
我没有足够已发表的文字
在淋浴间的墙上我划上一道道线
我会耗尽灵魂的存储
用你的笔在最后一行署上我的名

（原译发表于总第 96 期）

Unblessed Blessing

[Slovakia] Károly Fellingner

Julie seems to find mixed metaphors
in John's poem and she gives utterance
to her discovery, hanging on the breast
of knowledge, on a press-button
that can be turned on and off is certainly
a tough thing, no wonder that
an absolute calmness or delight
fills Julie's heart, we can perfectly see it
from here, she goes on quoting
Attila József, that I'm angry for you and not
with you, but this sounds to John as if
she was suggesting to become friends,
however, love-making is still to come.





邪恶的祈祷

[斯洛伐克] 克洛伊·费灵杰

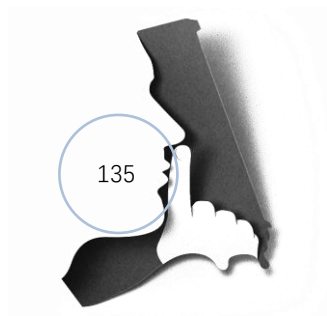
朱莉在约翰的诗中发现
他使用了混合隐喻，于是她
说了出来，仗着她的学识涵养
仗着她那一个可以随时开关的
按键，这真的十分了得。难怪
朱莉看上去泰然自若
面露欣喜的模样
我们能看得清清楚楚
她继续援引阿提拉·约瑟夫：
无汝在旁，我愤然神伤
但约翰听起来似乎感觉
朱莉只想和他做朋友
然而，爱情已潜滋暗长

（原译发表于总第 86 期）

Untitled

[Brazil] Adélia Einsfeldt

If I could kiss you
I would give you a kiss.
If you would like to stay a little,
you would make my heart to jump.
You would be
in these lonely days,
all what beautiful women are
in my misfortune.





无题

[巴西] 阿德利亚·恩斯菲尔德

如果我可以吻你
我会给你一个吻
如果你能多待一会儿
你会让我的心悸动不已
在这些寂寞的日子里
在我的不幸中
你会是一个
最漂亮的女人，最漂亮的你

（原译发表于总第 69 期）

Vagaries

[Romania] Nadia-Cella Pop

In our daily vagaries
We search the unavailable:
Magic remedies for real wounds,
The imaginary chain partner
Out of our own identity,
The slavery of the pure truths
From the mordant challenges,
The awful masks of the ruined puppeteers,
The heathen cult of the ignorance
Unleashing the tolerance,
The reign of the rot
That used to rule once...
And more, more others that help us
To bear with dignity
This hollow of emptiness
With which we were born,
And we couldn't add a thing
To the original nothingness,
Except a cry of disability.



奇想

[罗马尼亚] 娜迪亚-契拉·勃普

在我们日常的奇思妙想中
我们总希望得到那些得不到的：
希望能够治愈伤口的奇药
希望从我们人格分裂出
虚幻的一贯合作伙伴
希望从隼永讥讽的挑战中
奴役纯粹的真理
希望得到堕落的木偶操手那可怖的面具
希望对无知进行狂热野蛮的崇拜
希望松绑按捺已久的隐忍
希望君临过去一直统治的
腐朽和破败……
还有用尊严承受那些
一直帮助我们的人
这是我们生而有之的
空空如也 而我们
却不能向这最初的乌有之中
增添一物一事
只有仰天长啸我们的无能

（原译发表于总第 74 期）

What Is the Use of Poems?

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

I know that your quarrel with me is the source of my
poetry
And that the estrangement is fuelling the pain in my chest
And thus my heart overflows with emotions
And I become creative
And play the sweetest melodies on the strings
And the muse sings with a tongue of fire!
But what good are poems to me
If I live miserable all my life
Unable to sip a drop of nectar from your cup?

I know that a little bit of quarrel and abandonment
May be like the salt in food
But can a man live everyday
Night and day
On nothing but salt?

I will gladly give up all my poems
Give up my pen and ink and paper
In return of lifting up the injustice of abandonment.



诗有什么用处？

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

我知道你我的争吵触发我的诗思
我知道这种疏远燃起了我心中的痛苦
于是各种情感泛滥满怀
我变得富有创造力
我开始在琴弦上弹奏最美妙的旋律
就连缪斯也吐出火舌吟歌
但是，这些诗于我何用呢
如果我的一生都惨淡悲戚
都不能从你的杯中抿上一口甘醴

我也知道一些口角和舍弃
或许就像食物里的盐
可是一个人能每天
夜以继日地
仅指望着盐生存下去？

我会很乐意把我的诗歌放弃
丢弃我的纸、墨和笔
以换取不被舍弃的正义

（原译发表于总第 76 期）

When I Smell Lilacs

[USA] Anne-Marie Legan

She would not be lost
Entirely,
Something of her
Will breathe
With the lilacs still...
When they bloom
On the windy hill.

Her soul
Can no more be
Separated from life itself...
Than drops of water
From the massive sea,
Nor clouds of lavender
From stems of green.





当闻丁香时

[美国] 安玛丽·莱甘

她不会全然地
迷失
当丁香绽放在
风起的山头
她会和恬静的丁香
散发出芬芳

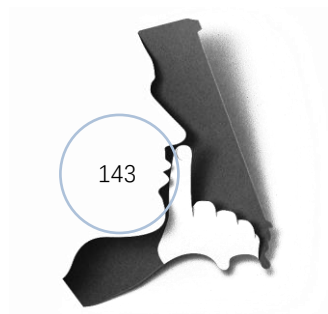
她的灵魂
将再也不会
与人生分隔
就像水滴
不会与大海分隔
就像薰衣草花
不会与花茎分隔

（原译发表于总第 63 期）

Whispering

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

She came in the middle of the night,
Whispering magic into my ears.
She appeared before me like confused dreams,
Driving away sleep from my eyelids
She said I have brought poetry
So wake up
Let's draw out the brilliant words of a poem.
But I do not stir at all
O my muse!
Have consideration for a lover
Who is no longer young
Who still delights in your beautiful face
For though alive, his fire is dead
Allow him to enjoy his sleep.





絮语

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

深夜，她翩然而至
于我耳畔低声将魔法吹入
就像那迷绕的梦境
把睡意从我的双眼驱逐
她说我带来了诗歌
所以，快快醒来吧
让我们一道走出最美的音步
但是我纹丝不动
啊，我的缪斯
多体贴下你的爱人吧
他虽然仍旧爱慕你的容颜
却早已经不再年轻勇武
尽管还活着，他的火焰已烧尽
请让他尽情寐寤

（原译发表于总第 79 期）

Would That I Were Plumeria

[Pakistan] Naina Adil

Would that I were plumeria,
A flower clean and spotless,
In the day would bask in the sun,
At night ply with beams of the moon.
I would have neither religion,
Nor tongue, nor sect, nor customs,
Would that I were not from descendants,
Of Cain: the conspirators against lands
Waters and airs, they are polluters of minds.
Would that I were a gift for the untainted eyes,
Free of chauvinism, patriotism and prejudice,
Being crown of the creation,
Instead of becoming a cause
Of turmoil on the gorgeous planet,
Would that I were an innocuous plumeria,
The creation which enriches beauty of the world,
Imparts happiness, satisfaction, sparkle,
And inscribing a poem on the palm of breeze
Vanishes away forever from the world.



多希望我就是缅梔子

[巴基斯坦] 奈纳·阿迪尔

多希望我就是缅梔子
一朵白璧无瑕的缅梔子
白天我可以在太阳下晒暖
到了晚上就以月光为食
我可以没有宗教信仰
没有派别、语言和礼俗
多希望我不是该隐的子孙后世
不阴谋破坏大地、水源和空气
不污染纯洁的精神
多希望我是一份礼 给澄澈的眼睛
没有沙文主义，没有所谓的爱国心
没有任何偏见。只做创造物的花冠
而不制造导引任何混沌骚乱
破坏这个美丽的地球
多希望我就是一朵淡淡的缅梔子
可以让这个世界更加美丽
传递幸福，满足和活力
并且可以在清风的手心雕刻一首诗
让它从这个世界永远消失

（原译发表于总第 71 期）

Yearning

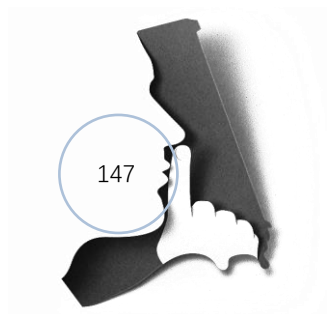
[Armenia] Eduard Harents

The shadow of color
is scaling
the scars of day;
walking the serenity
of an encountered dream...

The flower is the secret
of pain;
an introspective smile.
The scion names the sin.

Beyond personal bandages
of prayer,
the self-denial of a tree
is as much bright
as warm are the hands
of night.

I am freezing... your name.





渴望

[亚美尼亚] 爱德华·海伦茨

色彩的影子
正在刮去
白昼的伤疤
邂逅的梦的谧静
与之随行

鲜花是痛苦的
秘密
是一朵微笑在反省
子孙后裔指定罪名

除了祈祷者身上的
绷带之外
一棵树的克己
会像黑夜双手的温暖
那样光明

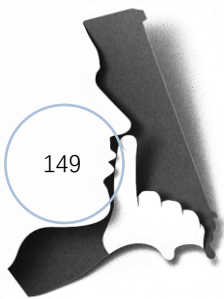
我快冻死了……你的名

（原译发表于总第 75 期）

Your Birthday

[USA] Luis Carlos Pereira

What do you expect
From your son
This day of celebration?
You don't want a cake.
Your daughters called
From long distance.
I am here, and I give you
Hugs and kisses
Every day...
Well, mother, I am a poet
Just like your!
Shouldn't this be enough?





你的生日

[美国] 路易斯·卡洛斯·佩雷拉

您期许着什么呢
在您儿子身上
在这个节日
您不想要蛋糕
您的女儿们打来电话祝福
从遥远的他方
我则每天给您
拥抱和亲吻
守在您的身旁……
哦，妈妈，我是一个诗人
就像您一样
这还不够么

（原译发表于总第 61 期）

关于译者

木樨颜，本名颜海峰，男，曲阜人，常用笔名木樨颜、木樨黄谷、水中山，民盟盟员，北京外国语大学外国文学研究所博士研究生，山东政法学院副教授，山东省作家协会会员、英国比较文学研究会（BCLA）会员。同时担任中国比较文明学会理事、中国英汉语比较研究会典籍英译专业委员会理事、《国际诗歌翻译》季刊客座总编、双语诗刊《诗殿堂》翻译执行主编、美国学术期刊《商务翻译》副主编等职。著有个人诗集《一页水山》《残忍月光》，译诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《梧桐树》《喊出太阳》《平原善辞》《空房子》《冰与火的对话》《徐春芳诗选》《神游》等及编著《中国古典诗歌精选精译》、“东西文翰大系”丛书等 40 余种，曾获 2016 年第四届中国当代诗歌奖翻译奖等。

朱慧敏，女，1999 年生，河北师范大学硕士研究生，主要研究领域为英美文学、英语教育、文学翻译。已在天津外国语大学学报等期刊发表多篇论文，主持和参与多项课题，获得第十二届全球“百人百译”汉英翻译大赛一等奖等。

Brent Yan, aka Yan Haifeng, born in Qufu, is a member of the Democratic League of China, a candidate doctor at the Institute of Foreign Literature of Beijing Foreign Studies University, an associate professor at Shandong University of Political Science and Law, a member of Shandong Writers' Association, and a member of the British Comparative Literature Association (BCLA). He is also the council of the Chinese Society for Comparative Civilization, the director of the English Translation of Chinese Classics Committee of the China Association for Comparative Studies of English and Chinese, the guest editor of *Renditions of International Poetry*, executive translating editor of *Poetry Hall* and the deputy editor-in-chief of *Business Translation*.

He is the author of two poetry collections, *A Page of Rill and Hill* and *Cruel Moon*, and the translator of poetry collections like *Village Past*, *Life*, *Ode to the Plain*, *Phoenix Tree*, *Yell out the Sun*, *Vacant House*, *Mind Wanders*, etc. He also compiled *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry* and Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC). He was awarded the translation prize of the 4th Chinese Contemporary Poetry Award in 2016, among many other awards.

Zhu Huimin, is MA candidate at the School of Foreign Studies in Hebei Normal University. Her areas of research include British and American literature, English education and literary translation. She has published many papers in journals like *Journal of Tianjin Foreign Studies University*. She has presided over and participated in many projects, and has won lots of prizes, such as the first prize of the 12th “Hundred People Hundred Translation” Global Translation Competition.

编 后 记

POSTSCRIPT

本书收录了诗人译者木樨颜（颜海峰）发表于《世界诗人》（现名《国际诗歌翻译》）第 61-97 期的译诗，涉及 60 多位外国诗人，共 75 首，以汉英对照的形式展现。

出于对诗歌的共同喜爱，也是机缘巧合，参与到“木樨国际诗歌译丛”的出版编纂工作之中，深感荣幸。这是一次同时接触多元文化、海外诗歌创作和翻译的好时机，在编选比读的过程中深深感受到了异域诗歌之美及其翻译的绝妙、精湛之处。

2022 年初，同时兼任本书出版策划的诗人、翻译家木樨颜启动了这项声势浩大的丛书出版工作。作为本套丛书的编者之一，深深感受到编纂工作的繁琐、细碎，因而需要极大的耐心和细心。在整个编辑和整理的过程中，排版工作耗时不大，但是译诗的筛选、整理和分类颇费工夫。为此，针对译诗的风格、原诗歌的内涵及其审美特性等都与木樨颜进行了多次深入的沟通和探讨。因而，作为本书的编者，整个编纂的过程于我而言其实是个对诗歌的审美和领会的学习过程，受益颇深！

亚马逊出版社全新的图书出版模式给了编者和出版较多的灵活性，但是从编排、封面设计到正文排版，以及样本的审校等等，事无巨细都需要亲力亲为。编者与出版方及诗

人木樨颜等多方联系，才得以将本书以完备且科学的形式呈现给读者。

囿于中外在语言文化上的差异，中外诗歌无论是在文化、音韵、审美、内容，还是结构上都不尽相同。面对短小精悍却又意味深远的诗歌翻译，在兼顾诗歌艺术审美基础上精准地表达诗歌内涵是一项艰巨的任务。通观木樨颜的译文不难发现，其对诗歌的译介不仅较好地把握了诗歌的内涵，而且在诗歌的情感传达和音韵乃至修辞上都作了细致地斟酌和揣摩。其译文非常恰当地“遣词造句”让外文诗歌的意蕴在汉语言环境下变得生动且悠远。作为编者，在编辑《缄默》的过程中，常与译者进行商讨，时常碰到“咬文嚼字”的情况。面对题材多样、风格多元化的诗歌，他真正做到了寓情于诗，字斟句酌。也让我们体会到了诗歌的翻译之道：“诗可译，非常译”。

在整个编写的过程中，为符合排版要求的字体字号和间距等等，对某些原诗和译文进行了少量的调整，比如去掉了多余的空行，也修改了某些标点的误用。尽管如此，编者恐仍然难免疏漏，在此特恳请读者不吝指正。

韩悦